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SINGING AT TEDDY'S HEART.



A Prediction:
"Lou" Payn WILL Go!

THE BUSINESS WOMAN O. K.

It looks as though Mr. Yerkes, the Chicago millionaire, was born before the flood. He certainly does not know much about the women of Chicago or any other part of our country, as they flourish at the end of the nineteenth century. He is quoted in The World as saying:

"The ignorance of women in regard to business affairs is proverbial; in fact, it is stupendous. As a class they do not seem to have the most remote idea of what business means."

Now, Mr. Yerkes, there are hundreds of thousands of American women in business. There are more of them in your own city of Chicago than you could count in a week, if you counted from morning till night, every day of the week, including Sunday. There are a far larger number in the far more populous city of New York.

It is foolishness to say that they are stupidly ignorant of business, and do not know what it means. A large proportion of them are successful in their affairs, whether they manage business places of their own or assist in managing other people's business. We could tell Mr. Yerkes of plenty of women here who make money in business, and we have no doubt that there are plenty in Chicago, also. What is the use of a piece of nonsense like the following?

"Few women know, except by name, what a bank check is, or, if they do, they would not know how to draw one in case of necessity."

We have no doubt that there are thousands of women in Chicago, as there are many thousands in New York, who keep bank accounts, draw checks, deposit them and pay their bills with them. We could name at least three banks in this city that make special efforts to obtain the banking business of women, and they obtain it, too, millions of it a year. If Mr. Yerkes will call in at any one of these banks between the hours of 10 and 3 he will not again say that few women know what a bank check is. It would be a safe guess that a million of the women of New York know.

If ever Mr. Yerkes writes again about women in business or banking he had better get a New York pugilist to revise his manuscript.

The Riverside Drive extension will make us better carriage neighbors to them that dwell in Yonkers. And who knows? Votes for another good bit of annexation may come of the boulevard aqueduct.

As the days lengthen baseball talk begins to strengthen. Small favors in the way of strength will also be gratefully received by the New York club management.

With nine days still to run, the opening month of 1900 has to overcome a rather formidable accumulation of January thaw.

"Kill the Trusts!" says Mr. Bryan. "Agreed!" respond the people. But it will take more than a 16-to-1 stuffed club.

With rapid transit underground and the "L" run under modern conditions, what a New York we shall have!

The parting of Roosevelt and Platt will not give us Payne.

At least Mr. Bryan's tongue has not lost its free move.

PRETTY PETTICOAT IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Handsome black-and-white petticoat is made of striped silk with black lace ruffles. This skirt has a foundation of white silk for the black portion, one wide, one edged with a narrow black lace, and bottom of this narrow ruffle are a row of white, black-edged ribbon, and the wide flounce is an insertion of black with two narrow ruffles of the same ribbon. The insertion is run a wide piece of black, which ties with long loops and ends at the hem.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Why Young Men Don't Marry.

(Copyright, 1900, by the Press Publishing Company, New York.)

OUR girls were never more beautiful, more lovable or more fascinating than now. But still our young men do not seem to be inclined to marry.

"Now, why is it, do you suppose?" ask the puzzled, anxious mothers.

There is a reason for it, my dear. You send your sweet, young daughters to theatres, balls and little social affairs, expensively dressed. The white slippers and fluffy frock call for a coach.

If he is a young man of wealth, of course he does not mind this very trifling expense; but if he is a young man who has to make his way in the world, and count his dollars carefully to make both ends meet, he is frightened off before his intentions become serious, before his admiration drifts into love.

The girl herself puts a huge stumbling block in the path by her frivolous small talk—as if life was one eternal holiday to her and her one chief aim was pleasure.

Who can wonder that a man of moderate income dare not propose marriage to such a girl, no matter how he may admire her?

He knows that the girl whom he marries may have to make a pudding, darn socks or trim a lamp. How can he suppose these aimless, giddy, butterfly girls would dream of undertaking such occupations with heartfelt delight?

Nowadays if a young man has a good position, where he earns enough to pay his modest expenses and put by a little, he looks about for a wife.

He is confronted by the stubborn, yet undeniable fact that the girl to whom he would offer the love of an honest, loyal heart, expends more money on her toilet for one season than the entire amount of his annual income.

There are hundreds of men who want wives, but dare not encumber themselves with the dolls of fashion that are to be encountered nowadays. Men enjoy flirting and dancing with merry girls, who are decked out in the gorgeousness of fashion. But they want something more in a partner for life.

They want girls who have common sense and prudence, girls who are capable of making brave self-denials, if need be, for love's sake, when wedded.

A sensible man knows that the best portion a bride can bring him is the prudence and careful management that will make the very utmost of his earnings, making them go as far as it is possible.

You cannot all coral rich young husbands, my dear.

When young girls fix the standard of their ambitions at worth of character and principle instead of wealth in hand, there will be more marriages and more satisfactory ones.

Girls under two and twenty ought not to expect dresses of silk, mantles in the latest fashion and plumet wigs, such as are more suitable to older, more mature women.

Until young girls dress as becomes their age, there



THE BUTTERFLY GIRL AND THE DOUBTER.

will always be the cry of, "Why don't the men seem to want to marry?"

Dress sensibly, young girls. Talk sensibly and act sensibly.

I do not mean that you shall not have your laughter and high, gay spirits as becomes the heyday of youth and is a part of it.

But make a study for yourselves as to why young men fight shy of proposing marriage, and try to remedy it as I have directed and earnestly advised.

Miss Libbey writes these articles for The Evening World exclusively, by arrangement with the Family Story Paper.

MRS. LELAND STANFORD.

Women for the Home and the Polls.

EVERY woman is fitted for some sphere; every one of us has a duty to perform, or we wouldn't be here. The influence of woman is refining, and refinement is needed in every walk of life. There are women needed in the home, and there are women needed in the church and also in politics; likewise in the drawing-room and also at the washbasin. And for every one of these different spheres there are women provided.

The women designed for the tube don't need an education, and mark my words, they'll never get it. If a woman's intended destiny is the washbasin she'll have no craving for the higher education. On the other hand, the accidents of birth or circumstances may have destined to the birth-board a woman who needs only an education to make her brilliant, to make her influence along certain lines felt, to make her a power among men and women. To such unfortunate as these the Stanford University is open, and a warm welcome awaits them. The women intended to supply the mental walks of life are in no danger of becoming overeducated, for a far-seeing Providence regulates their capacity.

So far as the home goes they cannot reach a state of perfect harmony unless the wives and mothers are intelligent and educated. It is the mother whose influence is felt most keenly in the home, and if it be an ignorant influence the result will be unfortunate.

The foundations for character are laid from the time a child begins to talk until he is seven. With an intelligent, cultivated mother he has learned things before his schooling commences which will be an aid through all his schooling and all his career. With an ignorant mother's principles instilled into his receptive little brain it will take all the years of study to undo the early teachings.

There can be no doubt that we need educated women for our home life, and no doubt that we need them for our public life also.

They are needed to vote. Is there any reason why they shouldn't have equal voting privileges with men when they have mastered an equal knowledge of the country's laws and principles of government, which every woman should? Is there any reason why they should not hold office? Have you not known women who were intellectually superior to some men, just as there are men intellectually superior to some women?

Is there any reason why woman should not find her proper sphere in life and fill it, just the same as men? If she be born with great governing power, why should she not govern? Or with good judging power, why

should she not judge? Or with good arguing power, why not follow the law?

There are women totally unfitted to be home-makers or even home-sharers. They have no taste for pie or pudding recipes, no patience with a nursing bottle. Should such women be chafed down in a sphere where they are wholly unhappy and unsuccessful, to chafe and rage the better?

He came. She was seated in the great room with its crimson hangings among the golden beams of an October sun.

"I am glad you've come," she said, and her hand was firm and cool.

"I wanted to come before, but I was afraid," and the gray eyes looked into hers.

"Afraid?" She had seated herself again, and was watching the figures which the wind was making with the sunbeams on the lawn.

"I thought perhaps to find you a great author, and filled with scorn for mere ordinary mortals."

"No, I really care a great deal about people. I have always thought how beautiful it would be to have one person all to myself; just one whom I could please."

His eyes glowed. "But you have every one."

"That is just the trouble. I have 'every one.' It is 'every one' who thinks me cold, because I am pleasant to all. You think me cold, don't you? Well, listen!"

She hesitated a moment, clasping and unclasping her fingers, her eyes bent on the yellow tender.

"There was once a man—there were many—but this one came often than the others. He was tall and big, and talked to me of foreign countries, where he had travelled and of the people he had seen, and read to me histories and stories, and I liked his voice—and by and by—I liked him. Just a little at first—I hardly knew it—but after awhile—I did know and liked him better—a great deal—and then he went away—across the water somewhere."

Her hands were quiet now; her voice steady; her eyes once dark and clear as she looked at the man before her.

"That was all. Others have come and gone since then, and I have liked them all, only," she caught her

MRS. LELAND STANFORD.

under conditions that make them a failure, while the place they might have graced and glorified is left vacant and the influence their lives might have generated is lost?

POINTS ABOUT ETIQUETTE.

Evening Dress.

What may be worn for an evening dress or any occasion not very expensive; also color and style becoming a tall, thin, light-complexioned person?

For an evening dress to be worn on any occasion I would suggest black. There is no color more becoming, and a black dress does not so soon grow familiar. You can greatly change the effect of this costume by different colored ribbons. A slender blond woman never looks more attractive than in a black gown.

Yes.

Is it proper to write an invitation to a young lady with whom you are not very well acquainted and address it "Dear Miss," whatever her name may be?

J. FAULTIER.

If you write in the first person you must address the lady as dear Miss Brown, or whatever her name may be.

The Open Door.

Is it proper for a lady to open the door for a doctor or friends (gentlemen) when they are leaving?

A READER.

Let the gentlemen open the doors themselves.

Obligatory.

Is it optional with a lady whether she removes her bonnet or not at an opera matinee, and must wraps be left at the dressing-room?

RUSTIC.

The removal of bonnets and hats is now considered obligatory by courtesy. Wraps need not be checked.

Two Years.

How long should a widow go in mourning for her husband, and should she put a child five years old in mourning?

A widow is supposed to wear mourning for at least two years. Conventional people consider it necessary to dress children in mourning for at least a year. Black frocks are worn during the cold weather, and white dresses with black ribbons in summer.

The nuts should be perfectly clean. Remove the outer skin. Put them into a small mortar and add about one-third of the sugar and a very little of the distilled water.

Found with the paste until you have a smooth paste. Add the remainder of the water a little at a time, constantly stirring.

Strain with pressure through a bag of fine bolting cloth. Add the remainder of the sugar.

Leave the skin emollient on all night. The cuticle will absorb all it requires.

In the morning you will find the texture of the dry face of the night before wonderfully improved and you will have set the wrinkles back. For wrinkles do not form on a well-nourished face during the hours of repose.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

"WHY I HAVE FAILED."

Tell It in 300 Words and Get a Prize from The Evening World.

SUCCESSFUL men often write about themselves and tell others how to succeed in life, but the real cause of their success is not known to many of the most successful men.

If some of the men and women who think they have failed in life will tell frankly what were the reasons for their failure, their letters might do an immense amount of good to others.

The Evening World, therefore, offers four prizes for the most interesting, intelligent letters on:

"WHY I HAVE FAILED."

First prize—A gold eagle, \$10. Second, third and fourth prizes, \$5 each.

The letters should be short—not over 300 words—and frank. Should tell actual human experiences and should be accompanied by the real names of the writers—though the names will not be printed in The Evening World.

The Evening World will try to make these "Autobiographies of Failure" useful to the writers and readers.

As for the prizes, they will turn failure into profit. Address all letters, Future Competition, Evening World, P. O. Box 2354.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Wife—I'm so sorry you don't admire my new gown. Everybody else says it's just too lovely for anything.

Husband—Oh, it's easy for others to pay compliments, but I have to pay the bill.

IN BARNYARD SPORTING CIRCLES.



(From "Animal Jokes," by permission of R. H. Russell, Publisher.)

The Cochon—I've a good mind to smash you, you impudent little beast.

The Bantam—Aw, go on! Go and get a reputation before you come that kind of talk on me. See?

THE RIGHT WAY TO USE COMPLEXION CREAM.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

THE best time to use a complexion cream which is intended to feed and nourish the cuticle is at night. Women who understand how to care for the complexion never neglect the night toilet.

Certainly the face needs a thorough scrubbing at night after a long day's encounter with dust and various foreign substances more than in the morning after the quiet hours of the night passed in a well-ventilated room.

So, at night before you apply a cream which is to help fill out the creases in your dear faces, my good Evening World readers, be sure those same faces are clean from the combined effect of soap, water and friction.

If you apply an unguent to your skin while the pores are clogged by dust, or sebaceous matter, or cosmetics you deliberately plan the destruction of your skin.

If you wish to invite blackheads, pimples, spots and a general mottling of the skin pores, rub an unguent in with dust and cosmetics.

The scrub that should precede the application of the cream or skin food is the all-over rub, and then you should use the camel-hair face-scrubbing brush for the face and a regular flesh brush for the body.

After the brush scrub apply the emollient. The skin food for which the formula has so often been repeated in this column is excellent and superior to the ordinary cold cream.

Camphor cream is beneficial when the face feels really sore. Make it as follows:

Olive oil, six ounces; white wax, two and one-half

ounces; camphor (gum), one-quarter ounce; lanoline, two ounces.

Melt the first three ingredients together in a custard boiler.

Take it off the fire and beat until cold, adding the lanoline during the process.

Some skins are more favorably affected by a slightly oily emulsion than by a cerate or cream.

Nothing can be more satisfactory in this line than the pistache emulsion.

This is easily made at home if you happen to have a mortar and pestle. If not, get the drugist to macerate the nuts for you.

Formula for pistache emulsion:

Pistache nuts, fifty grammes; confectioners' sugar, fifty grammes; distilled water, one thousand grammes.

The nuts should be perfectly clean. Remove the outer skin. Put them into a small mortar and add about one-third of the sugar and a very little of the distilled water.

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HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

VERY SMALL TALK.



"Ear-rings are all the go now, aren't they? Are you having your ears pierced?"

"No; I'm only having them bored."—Punch.

AN EXPLANATION.

Mrs. Wagon—Does your husband suffer from chronic throat?

Mrs. Jago—Oh, dear, no! He doesn't wait long enough!

JUDGMENT OF AN EXPERT.

"All I've got to say about this," observed the downcast business man who was vainly trying to catch what was going on in the three drum rings at once, "is that I never before saw so much activity in such a small place."

MRS. SPACER DOUBTS THE REFEREE.

"It was Mr. Spencer's birthday. He felt as though it was up to him to do something quite out of the ordinary to entertain Mrs. Spencer, and incidentally have a good time himself. It was while on his way home that he decided that the place for a lark for Mrs. Spencer was to take her to see the moving pictures of the Jeffries-Sharkey fight."

So Mrs. Spencer disguised herself with a veil, and by taking a roundabout route, trusted that she would meet no one whom she knew. They arrived at the theatre in time for the third round.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Mrs. Spencer cried, burying her face in her hands. "This is awful. But just look at that little bantam Sharkey. Now he is giving it to that giant Jeffries. Good for him."

"Dear, who is that man in his shirt-sleeves? The referee? Well, why in goodness doesn't he let them fight it out? That isn't fair. He ought not to go between them just as it is getting exciting."

The song was rung for the end of the round. With the rubbing down Mrs. Spencer delivered herself learnedly on the mistakes made by Mr. Sharkey, as she termed him.

"If I were Mr. Sharkey," she said, "I'd wait and then duck my head and butt that Jeffries person in the eye."

"The last of Mrs. Spencer's pugilistic wisdom was lost in the echo of the gong announcing the next round. Gradually she began to lose more thoroughly into the spirit of her environment."

"Wam!" that a loup—what do you call it?—Jab, that's the word. If I were the referee I'd make Mr. Jeffries fight, too. He is taking it too easy. Look at that woman in the audience. She must be brutal in her tendencies. Oh, oh, oh! Wam! that fine!

"They don't let one of the fighters get any help, do they? I mean he can't call on his crowd, or anything like that."

Mr. Spencer ignored the question. He managed to keep Mrs. Spencer quiet until the twenty-fifth round. By that time Mrs. Spencer was too interested to talk.

As the audience filed out Mrs. Spencer looked serious. "I don't think it was fair," she said. "There was no knockout blow. Mr. Sharkey did all the fighting. The referee spoiled the fight by his interference and then decided for Mr. Jeffries."

And now Mrs. Spencer came out all the better for the experience. "I'd wait and then duck my head and butt that Jeffries person in the eye," she said, "I'd wait and then duck my head and butt that Jeffries person in the eye."

CHARITY AT HOME.



Husband—It is a perfect disgrace how ragged our children look!

Wife—I have no time to bother about their clothes. I have to go to a meeting of the Society for Clothing Poor Children.

Husband—Very good. You might call the attention of that society to our children.—Filigende Blaster.

THE LAST.

'Tis the last day of summer. Left here in the room: All its playful companions Are fled up the flume. Have gone for the winter, Summer's interesting, And left it alone on the shore of the sea.

The Day's Love Story IN AUTUMN.

"THEN will you take my plot if I bring it, and work it up?"

"If you will help me."

"And I may bring it soon?"

"I wish you would."

"Good-by till then."

"Good-by," and she looked merrily after him as he strode down the path and was lost beyond the bushes. Then she smiled faintly. She mounted the steps wearily and rang the bell.

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